SALT LAKERS IN GOTHAM.

Special Correspondence.

NEW YORK, July 21.—Dr. H. Z. Lund, son of President A. H. Lund, arrived here from Washington with his wife the early part of this week. Dr. Lund has been studying in the medical department of George Washington university in Washington, D. C., for four years past, and during the sessions of Congress was employed in the senate chamber. He left the Washington university with high honors, and comes here for the purpose of completing his education with some practical experience in the Roosevelt hospital, and later will spend some time in the Sloan Maternity hospital. It is a pleasure to the "colony" to have Dr. Lund and his wife among their number, and all regret that they do not intend to stay longer than over summer.

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Miss Ellen Thomas has removed to Edgewater, N. J., where she is pleasantly located with the family of Mr. J. Casey who have a charming old colonial home on the banks of the Hudson. Miss Thomas has easy access to New York, and so she will continue studying with Madame Ashforth during the hot season.

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Elder Oscar C. Hunter stopped off in Gotham this week on his way to Germany where he goes to fill a mission. He is practising the "See America First" doctrine, in that he has spent about a month visiting the large cities of the east, and until he embarks on Aug. 2, will spend his time at Washington, Philadelphia, Portland, Me., and Boston. While here he is visiting with his cousin, Elder Wallace G. Hunter, who has charge of the Newark, N. J., branch.

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The conference announced last week to be held at the Monument Farm in Vermont July 24, has been postponed until a more propitious time. However, as a number had made arrangements to go, they decided to take the trip anyway, and so a considerable party left on the steamer for Boston on Friday evening, the 20th. They will be gone about ten days, spending the time in Boston and Vermont.

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S. W. Eccles of the American Smelting & Refining Co., left during the week on his regular summer trip to Salt Lake and the west. Accompanying him is his secretary, J. W. Cutting, who is also of Salt Lake. They will not return until the first week in September.

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W. E. Bennett, an old time Short Line employe in the News building, but now with the smelting people here, left today for Alaska. He will be gone about six weeks and will possibly stop off in Salt Lake en route. Evidently the hot season in New York does not agree with him, and he wishes to get as far north as possible.

* * *

John Burleigh, who is well known in railroad circles in Salt Lake, has been spending the summer at Ocean Grove, L. I., with his daughter. Mrs. Burleigh and her youngest son are traveling in Europe, where they have been for a month past, and expect to return some time in August. The two boys, Alan and Gerald, are spending their school vacation at Stanford, Conn., where they are camping out.

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L. A. Chapin and family are spending the summer at Bensonhurst, L. I.

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Salt Lakers registered at New York hotels during the week as follows: Mrs. J. T. Chisby, Imperial; F. Kelley, Hotel Albert; Mrs. J. A. Miner, Normandie. Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Needham at the St. Andrew.

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Eldredge, Meakin & Co. have just concluded arrangements with Miss Ruth Eldredge to star her in a new romantic drama, "The Masque of the White Rose," by James MacArthur, literary editor and advisor of Harper & Bros., who also dramatized "The Bonnie Brier Bush," and now has a dramatization of "Pilgrims Progress" to be produced in October. Miss Eldredge, while new to New York theatergoers, has achieved an enviable reputation on the road playing such characters as Rosalind in "As You Like It," Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," "Thelma," etc. Miss Eldredge has also finished her new play founded on the life of Mirabeau, which Eldredge, Meakin & Co. will present in New York City early in December. JANET.

THE PASSING OF THE HORSE.

Every little while they tell us that the horse has got to go;
First the trolley was invented 'cause the horses went so slow;
And they told us that we'd better not keep raisin' colts no more,
When the streetcars got to motin' that the horses pulled before.
I thought it was all over for old Fan and Doll and Kit,
S'posed the horse was up and done for,
But
he
ain't
went
yit!

When the bike craze first started people told us right away,
As you probably remember, that the horse has saw his day;
People put away their buggies and went kitin' 'round on wheels;
There were lots and lots of horses didn't even earn their meals.
I used to stand and watch 'em with their bloomers as they'd flit,
And I thought the horse was goin',
But
he
ain't
went
yit!

Then they got the horseless carriage and they said the horse was done,
And the story's been repeated twenty times by Edison;
Every time he gets another of his batteries to go
He comes whoopin' out to tell us that the horse don't stand a show.
And you'd think to see those chauffeurs as they go a-chauffin, it
Was good-bye to Mr. Dubbin,
But
he
ain't
went
yit!

When the people git to flyin' in the air I s'pose they'll say,
As we long have been a-sayin', that the horse has had his day;
And I s'pose that some old feller just about like me'll stand
Where it's safe, and watch the horses haulin' stuff across the land;
And he'll mebbe think as I do, while the crows above him flit:
"Oh, they say the horse is done for,
But
he
ain't
went
yit!"

—Chicago Record-Herald.

SPORTING HEIRESS MAY MARRY MRS. LESLIE CARTER'S SON.

Following the romantic marriage of Mrs. Leslie Carter and William Louis Payne on July 13, Leslie Dudley Carter, the twenty-six-year-old son of the actress, created a sensation in New York last week by announcing his engagement to marry Miss Norma Munro, heiress, sportswoman and Mrs. Carter's closest friend.

Both Miss Munro and young Carter later denied the engagement, thereby furnishing another complication to Mrs. Carter-Payne's sudden marriage during the now famous automobile tour through New England. It is believed by many of their friends that the announcement of the engagement followed too closely upon the heels of Mrs. Carter-Payne's nuptials to please the actress and for that reason was withdrawn for the present.

The Secret of Training a Circus Horse.

The Magic and Success of It All Lies in Kindness and Perseverance, Says a Representative of the Adam Forepaugh-Sells Brothers' Show, Which Appears Here on Thursday of Next Week.

A NOBLE EQUINE IN THE HANDS OF THOSE WHO TEACH HIM.

WHAT qualifications must a trainer possess before he can successfully educate horses to do tricks seen in a circus?" This question was put to one of the expert horse trainers with the Adam Forepaugh-Sells Brothers' show, which exhibits here Thursday next. "Well, rather a leading question," said the horse trainer. Then he gave the secret away in just two words—"Kindness and perseverence."

"He must also be a good judge of horse nature and possess an unlimited stock of patience,—more patience than is usually attributed to a nurse in a children's home." The trainer continued: "A horse is like a child,—he appreciates kind treatment and rapidly learns to love the attendants who greet him with caressing pats and loving words. From the time you impress upon a horse the fact that you are his friend, he will make every possible effort, in the dumb way, to show his appreciation, and in nine cases out of ten prove to be a willing pupil when you begin to educate him."

Bud Gorman, equestrian director of the Forepaugh-Sells shows, who has been educating horses during the winter months at the circus quarters, selects his horses with as much care as a society woman plans a party gown. The candidate must be handsome in color, as near perfect as possible in confarmotion, and possess an even temperament. His eyes must be large and devoid of the least trace of viciousness. He must hold his ears pointed slighly forward, and he must have a sensible looking head, broad between the eyes. Horses who lay back their ears at the approach of a man, who nip viciously at every passer-by, and whose eyes plainly demonstrate a mean disposition, are discarded. A trainer will not handle an animal of this kind.

Once the candidate is selected he is shipped to the winter quarters of the circus and assigned to a comfortable stall in a large, clean, well ventilated barn, tenanted by several hundred beauties of his kind. Good hay and oats are his in abundance, and for several days he is allowed to rest and become familiar with his surroundings. The trainer visits him daily, and by speaking kindly and occasionally giving the animal a bit of sugar, gains his confidence. After a time the horse begins to whinney at the approach of the trainer and the bond of friendship is thus quickly cemented.

Then comes the first lesson. The candidate is introduced to the training ring constructed near the barn and allowed to wander about at will. He smells the sawdust, the pedestals and the harness and ropes that will soon be buckled about his body and then, horselike, lies down in the center of the ring and enjoys a good roll.

Next day he is led around and around the ring for several hours and soon understands that he is expected to encircle the ring of his own accord. Then a strap is placed around his right foreleg, and from this strap a rope is run through the harness and fastened around his body. The trainer grasps the free end of the rope in one hand, and a pair of lines attached to the horse's bridle in the other. The animal is to to "get up," and after the ring is encircled a few times the command, "Whoa," is given. If the horse refuses to obey, a quick pull on the rope draws his legs from under him and he is forced to stop. Only a few demonstrations of this kind are necessary to show the horse that he must stop when the command is given.

After these preliminaries are satisfactorily accomplished, the equine pupil is taught to kneel first on one knee, and then on the other, and finally on both. All of this is accomplished by drawing up the front legs, one at a time, thus forcing him down. His knees are padded to prevent injury, and every time he is forced down the command to kneel is given, and the animal is petted and reassured with kind words, until finally he kneels at the word.

It is in these preliminary lessons that a good performer is made—or spoiled. The instructor must be firm and resolute, but kind, always kind. A horse is like a child—you may coax him, but you can't force him without spoiling his disposition. The animal quickly notices any show of ill temper or roughness on the part of the instructor, and resents it by becoming balky and obstinate. Blows or harsh treatment only make him worse. You frequently hear people at a circus assert that animals are beaten into submission in teaching them tricks. People who say this never saw the inside of the training quarters of a modern circus. In the olden times there was a great deal of brute force used, but it was because the owners and trainers didn't know any better. A horse or any other animal conquered in this way is never reliable, and is apt to spoil a performance by an outbreak of bad temper, besides being dangerous to handle. As soon as it was found that the education of a horse may be accomplished more quickly and with better results by kindness than by brute force, the latter method was shelved.

The next lesson is the art of lying down and remaining motionless until the word is given to rise. This information is imparted to the horse in a manner similar to the kneeling lesson. An ingenious harness makes it possible for the trainer to draw the horse down beside him. When the horse willingly lies down at the word of command, he is taught to sit upon his haunches and then is gradually drilled into the other tricks that always draw applause from children and adults alike.

It is usually an easy matter to teach a horse to stand upon a pedestal, to waltz, rear on his hind legs and march in unison with equine companions. After these simple lessons are thoroughly learned, the horse understands the trainer is his friend and not his enemy. The horse of average intelligence learns quickly as soon as he realizes what is required of him. The main requisite on the trainer's part is patience, and if a man hasn't got that and lots of it, he had better keep out of the business. If he gets excited or impatient, and goes to hauling the horse about unnecessarily, the animal is sure to become uneasy and fretful and a little experience of this kind will spoil him.

The better bred a horse is, the more intelligence it has, and the more apt it is to make a good performer, provided it has been handled properly from colthood. All highbred horses, however, are nervous, and require kind treatment in order to insure good results. That's why you see so many bad actors on the race tracks.

Thoroughbreds are unusually intelligent, but they are left to the mercy of ignorant stable hands who bang and slap them around until their dispositions are spoiled. They are teased and beaten until they develop into kickers and biters and man eaters, and the thoroughbred gets a bad name. Few horses are naturally vicious—they are made so by bad handling.

It's no use trying to do anything with a lunk head of a horse and for this reason the mongrels as a rule are not satisfactory for ring purposes. They haven't got intelligence enough to comprehend what is wanted of them. The old Morgans, a breed that is fast dying out, make good performers, but are a little undersized. As a class the thoroughbreds of the Hunter type are the best material to make trickhorses of. They have size, substance and brains, and with the right kind of treatment are docile and tractable."

The Railway Motor Car.

It was the prophecy of a Western railway contractor more than a year ago that "all the big steam engines on the standard railroads will be 'scrapped' and electric engines will be doing their work by 1925." Quite in line with this prediction are the words of President Baker of the Master Car Builders' association, now in session at Atlantic City, warning his hearers to be prepared for the rapid advance of the motor car in straight railroading.

ical evolution that the steam locomotive, whose development by stages living men can still recall, is thus threatened just as it has reached apparently its perfection.

Toward the coming revolution in railroad operation both the trolley and the automobile have contributed. From the first practical application of the overhead trolley in Kansas City in 1884, and from a successful thirdrail installation the next year in Baltimore, have sprung the great systems which now compete with the steam railroads in overland transportation. In the automobile lay the germ of the gasoline motor car, such as has been tried out recently on Mr. Harriman's Union Pacific and on the Chicago and Alton line, and such as French and English managers were testing on their short lies three and four years ago.—New York World.

Fashions in Sports.

Fashions rule in sports as in hats. The new crowds out the old and there are no mourners. Bicycle factories are changed to automobile factories to respond to the popular demand. For the same reason the bicycle track in one of the west side parks is to be transformed into golf links. That a sport falls into disfavor does not necessarily mean permanent abandonment. Croquet, after some years of desuetude, has had a revival of public interest. In the sports marking the close of the year at Northwestern University the college paper announces championship games of croquet between representatives of the different college fraternities. Baseball has never lost its hold, but styles of playing vary from year to year, and what is popular one season may be hopelessly out of fashion the next. The only sports that last almost without change or decay are children's games. Marbles, tops, jackstones, kites and the other instruments of play are used by children in the same way year after year. The language of the games remains the same, and the rules, fixed by some unknown authority ages ago, are as immutable as the decrees of the Medes and the Persians.—Chicago Tribune.

On the Way to the Blarney.

If you want to kiss the Blarney stone you must go over the Blarney castle from Cork. Of course, it is understood that first you go to Cork.

The way to get to Blarney castle is in a jauntingcar. Perhaps this will be your initial ride in a jauntingcar, and you will never forget it. In the first place, the driver tells you that it will cost you four bob. You have no more idea what he means by four bob than if he had said four Roberts, but after you succeed in making him understand that you are a bewildered American trying to get rid of your money, 3,000 miles from home, he will explain, begorra and bejabers, that it's shillings he's talking about—"four shillin', bedad!"

Then you climb up on his car. It has one horse, two wheels and five seats. He sits on the front seat. You sit over one of the wheels, sidewise. There is a bench overhanging each wheel, which accommodates two. If there are three other persons in your party you fill up the jauntingcar—two of you on each side.

When you start you feel as if you were on a camel. If you have never riden on a camel you don't know how you feel. You have an idea that you are going to fall off; also, that you are going to collide with every vehicle you meet, for you are not yet accustomed to the foreign habit of turning to the left, instead of the right, and, naturally, you feel called upon to intimate to your neighbor that the driver, maybe, is full of whisky—Clifford Howard, in Four-Track News.

Toads Embedded in Rock.

Shropshire seems to be favored with a substratum of buried toads.

At a recent gathering of the Caradoc and Severn Valley Field club, Mr. Forrest, a naturalist of repute, who has been engaged by Lady Warwick to deliver a course of nature study lectures in Warwickshire, exhibited a lively toad of small size which had, he said, been found buried in solid clay six feet underground at Broseley. Its mouth was said to be quite closed through disuse, so that it could not now feed if it wanted to.

Quite recently also another small and active toad was discovered at Broseley "embedded in solid rock," which excavators had split while obtaining material for one of Lady Forester's hospitals, now in course of erection. This also had its mouth closed; and for some time it was kept by a local chemist in a stoppered bottle, passing thence into possession of Dr. Gipp, the medical officer of health at Shrewsbury.

Naturalists, of course, deny that such cases of buried toads in solid rock or clay can possibly occur. They allege that even a creature which possesses the remarkable vitality of a toad must soon die when deprived of oxygen. They also say that the most important evidence is always lacking—namely, the imprint of the animal in the stone or clay, where it was supposed to have been embedded.—London Mail.

W. L. PAYNE

NEW HUSBAND OF MRS. LESLIE CARTER.

This is a picture of William L. Payne, the young actor, who, under the most romantic circumstances, was recently married to Mrs. Leslie Carter, the celebrated emotional actress.

The suddenness of the wedding which took place at Portsmouth, N. H., in the course of an automobile tour, has surprised Mrs. Carter-Payne's closest friends, and many complications are likely to follow it. One of them is found in the report that David Belasco is displeased with the arrangement and it is whispered that the actress will not be the star of his next production.

Mr. Payne will be remembered by theater-goers as "Mr. Leffingwell" in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots."

Kaiser Bill at the 'Phone.

"The emperor of Germany," said a telephone inspector, "is a great user of the 'phone. A peculiar etiquette must be observed in Germany in talking to him over the wire.

"In the first place, the emperor never gives his name. After calling a man up, he doesn't begin with 'Hello. This is Bill,' or anything of that sort. He begins with the imperial phrase, 'I command that.'

"All the officials of Germany know that 'I command that,' thundered over the 'phone, means the kaiser is talking to them.

"When the emperor is through his conversation, he doesn't say 'Good-by,' or 'That's all.' He hangs up the receiver and stalks away. What's the result? The result of that custom is that the official at the other end of the wire, no matter how lofty he may be, has to stand with the receiver at his ear for five or six minutes longer not sure whether the emperor has finished, or whether he is thinking up something further to say."

Far From the Strenuous Life.

When you turn from the postoffice at Madison, Ct., you confront the town pump. A picturesque old gray pump with a wide and deep stone basin and an air of having done its duty by the town and the townfolk for many a long year, and behind the pump is the double street!

It is a beautiful village thoroughfare with a row of elms down the center and a row of elms on either side. Now England elms, tall and graceful with long sweeping branches and leafy shade. Those three rows of elms are the glory of Madison; no other town in Connecticut can excel them. They are on the main street, too, which rejoices in more than one name; down by the town pump it is Boston street, but away to the east, when it climbs Hard Scrabble, it is Liberty street, and it keeps on—between well-kept farms and blossoming hedgerows—until it reaches the bridge across the river—the Hammonasset river, one of New England's lovely streams, flowing placidly between salt meadows or gliding under the sweeping boughs of low-hanging trees as it slips quietly down to the sea. In the autumn the trailing Virginia creeper and the crimson gum tree cast shafts of flame into its clear depths while the oxteams stand ankle-deep in marshland to be loaded with the salt hay, last of the year's harvest.—Mary Imlay Taylor, in Four-Track News.